

# Old Favorite Songs

NEW EDITION

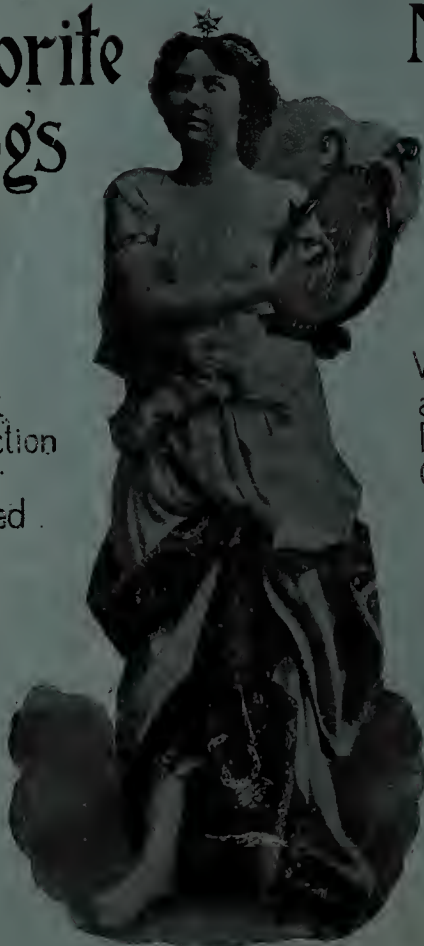
## No. 2

The  
Finest  
Collection  
Ever  
Issued

Words  
and  
Music  
Complete

With  
Piano or Organ  
Accompaniment

See Contents  
Inside Cover.



Published by A. COX & CO., Toronto, Canada.

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# A PICTURE NO ARTIST CAN PAINT.

Words & Music by J FRED HELF



A quaint New Eng - land Homestead where a gray - haired cou - ple dwell, Their  
A - gain we see that cot - tage and we breathe the coun - try air We

heads bow'd down with sor - row, for the one they loved so well, She  
see, this a - ged cou - ple sit - ting at their eve - ning pray'r, God

wan - dered from her hap - py home to go no one knew where, 'Twas  
send us back our lost ones and well ask for noth - ing more, Be

in a fit of an - ger that she left the old folks there. Her  
 fore that pray'r was fin - ished came, a soft tap at the door. "Come

brother's heart was broken for he loved his sis - ter so, He said Good Bye "God Bless you both, to  
 in" the old man said and lift - ed up his tear stained face, Soon sis - ter, brother, par - ents were locked

search for her, I go, The old folks wait for him to turn, the  
 in one fond arm brace, The old man fell up on his knees and

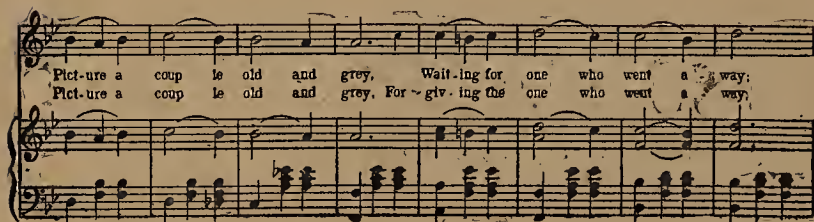
days count one by one, For where they'd lost a daughter they have al - so lost a son  
 from the good book read. "Peace on Earth, Good will toward men," A - men the Moth - er said



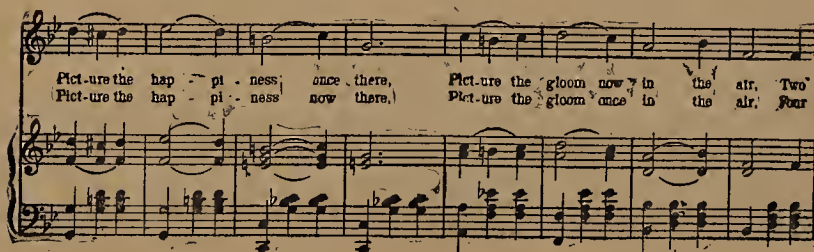
CHORUS. Moderato.



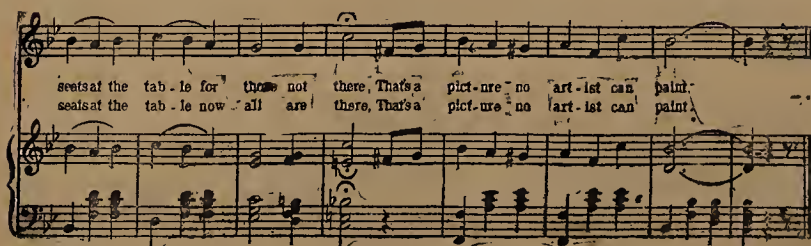
Picture a home in New Eng - land town,      Pict-ure the iv - y creeping 'round  
 Picture a home in New Eng - land town,      Pict-ure the iv - y creeping 'round



Pict-ure a coup le old and grey,      Wait-ing for one who went a way,  
 Pict-ure a coup le old and grey,      For-giv-ing the one who went a way,



Pict-ure the hap - pi - ness      once there,      Pict-ure the gloom now in the air, Two  
 Pict-ure the hap - pi - ness      now there,      Pict-ure the gloom once in the air, Four



seats at the tab - le for those not there, That's a pict-ure no art-ist can paint  
 seats at the tab - le now all are there, That's a pict-ure no art-ist can paint

# ALICE. ROMANCE.

J. ASCHER.

1. The birds sleep - ing gent - ly, Sweet Ly-ra gleameth bright; Her  
2. A - ll - over rain fall - ing, Just as it fall - eth now; And

rays tinge the for - est, And all seems glad to - night, The winds sigh - ing  
all things slept gent - ly! Ah! A - lice where art thou! I've sought thee by

by me, Cool - ing my fever'd brow; The stream flows as - ev - er, Yet  
take - let, I've sought thee on the hill, And in the pleasant wild - wood, When

A - lice where art thou! One year back this e - ven, And thou wert by my  
winds blew cold and chill; I've sought thee in - for - est, I'm look - ing heav'nward

side; And thou wert by my side;  
now; I'm look- ing heav'nward now

Vow ing to love me, One year past this  
Oh! there 'mid the star-shine, I've sought thee in

e - ven, And thou wert by my side, Vow - ing to love me, A - lice;  
for - est, I'm look-ing heav'nward now, Oh! there a - mid the starshine,

what - e'er might de- tide.  
A-lice, I know art thou

*rit. pour finir.*

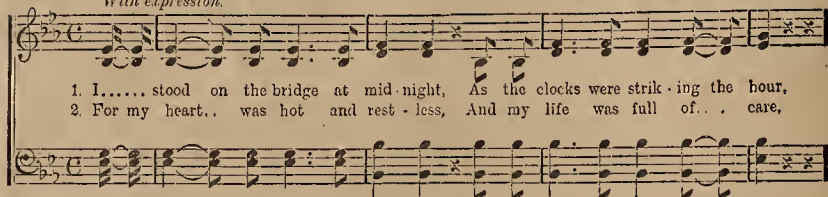


## THE BRIDGE.

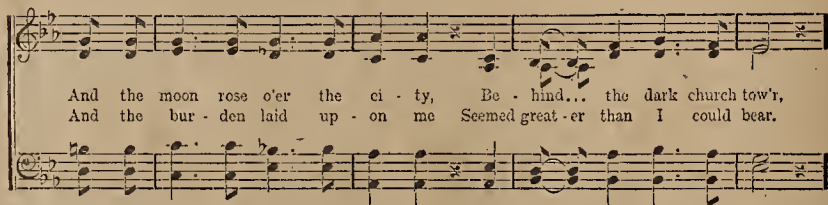
Words by H. W. Longfellow.

Music by M. Lindsay.

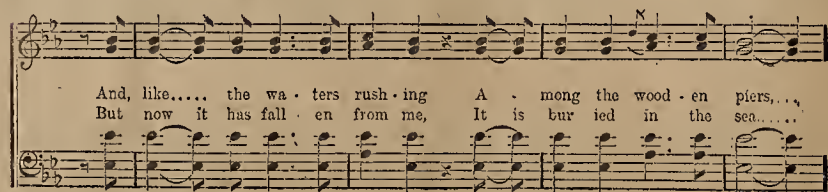
*With expression.*



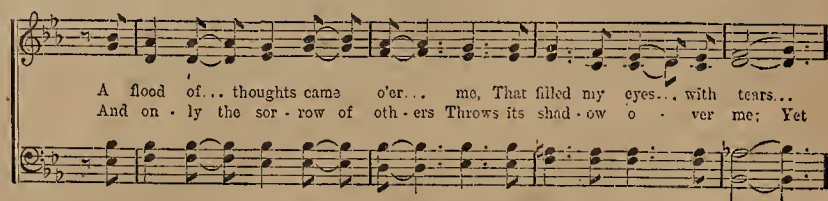
1. I..... stood on the bridge at mid - night, As the clocks were strik - ing the hour,  
2. For my heart.. was hot and rest - less, And my life was full of... care,



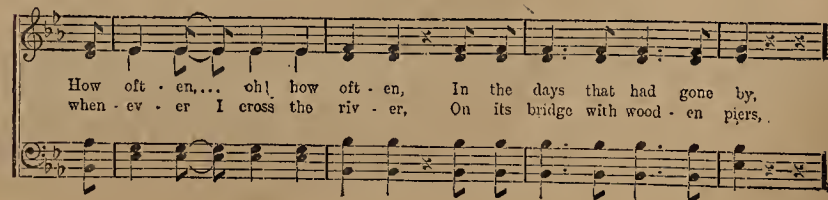
And the moon rose o'er the ci - ty, Be - hind... the dark church tow'r,  
And the bur - den laid up - on me Seemed great - er than I could bear.



And, like.... the wa - ters rush - ing A - mong the wood - en piers...  
But now it has fall - en from me, It is bur - ied in the sea....



A flood of... thoughts came o'er... me, That filled my eyes... with tears...  
And on - ly the sor - row of oth - ers Throws its shad - ow o - ver me; Yet

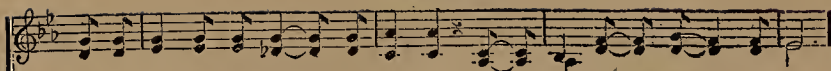


How oft - en... oh! how oft - en, In the days that had gone by,  
when - ev - er I cross the riv - er, On its bridge with wood - en piers.

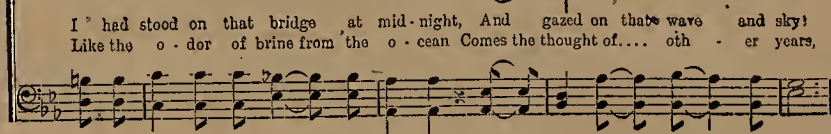



# THE BRIDGES

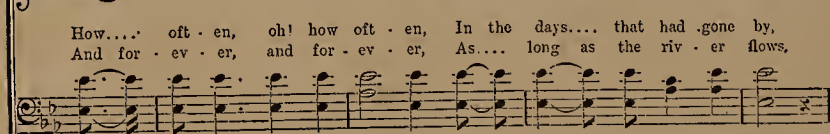
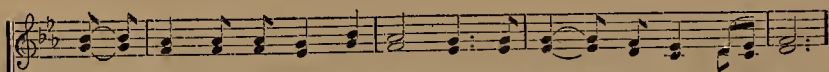
2.



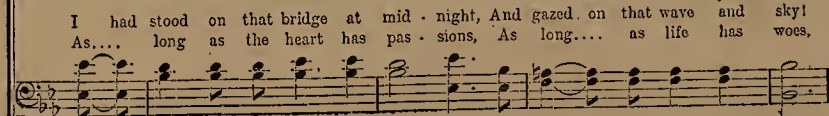

I had stood on that bridge at mid-night, And gazed on that wave and sky!  
Like the o - dor of brine from the o - cean Comes the thought of... oth - er years,

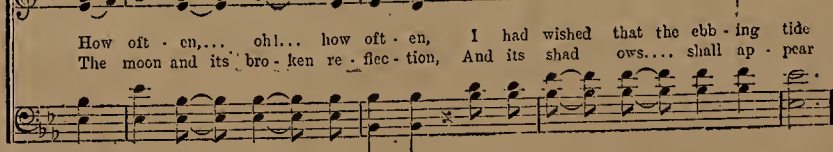

How... oft - en, oh! how oft - en, In the days... that had gone by,  
And for - ev - er, and for - ev - er, As... long as the riv - er flows,


I had stood on that bridge at mid - night, And gazed on that wave and sky!  
As... long as the heart has pas - sions, As long... as life has woes,

How oft - en... oh!... how oft - en, I had wished that the ebb - ing tide  
The moon and its bro - ken re - flec - tion, And its shad - ows... shall ap - pear

Would bear me a - way on its bos - om, O'er the o - cean wild and wide!  
As the sym - bol of love... in heav - en, And its wav - er - ing im - age be - ra



# Drink to me only with thine Eyes.

Ben Jonson.

Andante.

Anonymous.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, And I will pledge with  
2 I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon' - ring

mine, Or leave a kiss with in the cup, And I'll not ask for  
thee As giv - ing it a hope that there It could not wi - ther

wine: The thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di -  
be, But thou there-on didst on - ly breathe And sent'st it back to

vine, But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine!  
me; Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self but thee!

# DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.

*Allegretto. mf*

1. Way down in the mesd-ow where the lil - y first blows, Where the wind from the  
 2. She's fair like a rose, like a lamb she is meek, And she nev - er was  
 3. Ev - e - li - na and I one fine eve - ning in June Took a walk all a -  
 4. Three years have gone by, and I've not got a dollar, Ev - e - li - na still

*mf*

mountains nev - er suf - fers the rose; Lives fond Ev - e - li - na, the sweet lit - tle  
 known to put paint on her cheek; In the most grace - ful curls hang her ra - ven black  
 lone by the light of the moon, The plan - ets all above, for the heav - ens were  
 lives in that green gras - ey beller, Al - though I am fat - ed to mar - ry her

*CHORUS. f*

dove, The pride of the val - ley, the girl that I love,  
 hair, And she nev - er re - quires per - fum - er - y there,  
 clear, And I felt round the heart tre - mend - ous - ly once.  
 never, I've sworn that I'll love her for ev - er and ever.

Dear Ev - e - li - na,

*f*

sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die; Dear Ev - e -

*rit.*

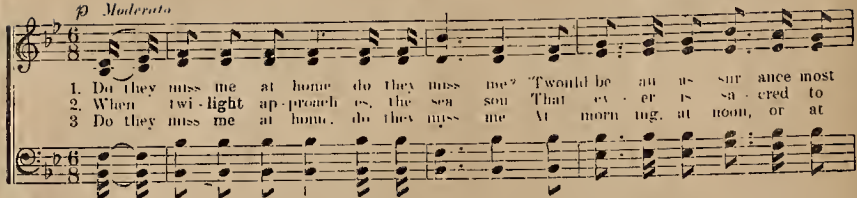
li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.

# DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME.

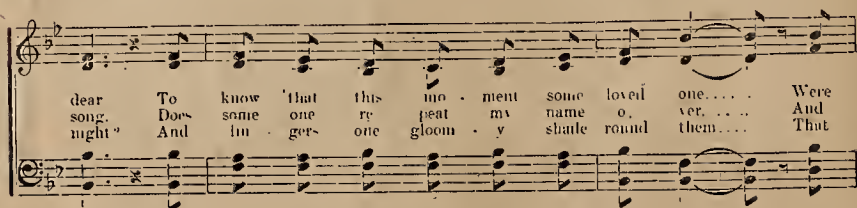
(MIXED VOICES.)

Arr. by GEORGE ROSEY.

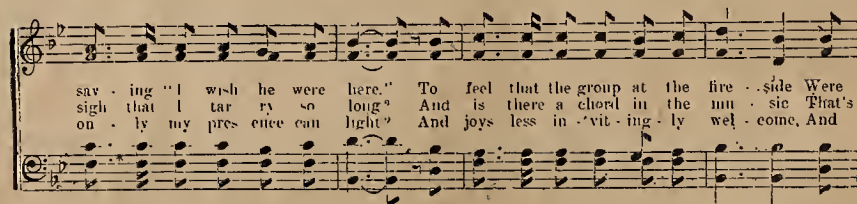
*p Moderato*



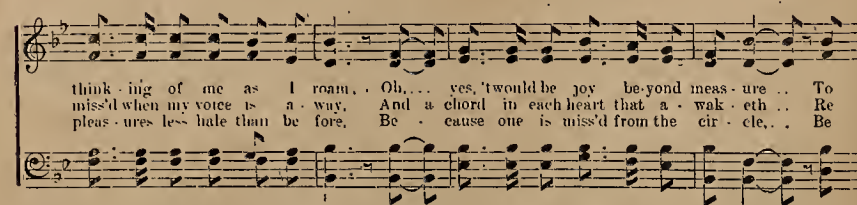
1. Do they miss me at home do they miss me? 'Twould be au as sur-ance most  
 2. When twi-light ap-proach-es, the sea-son That ex-er is sa-cred to  
 3. Do they miss me at home do they miss me At morn-ing, at noon, or at



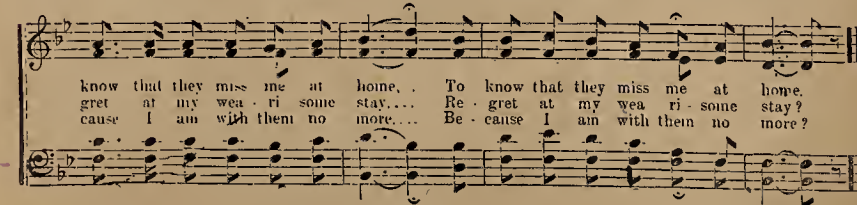
dear To know that this mo-ment some loved one... Were  
 song, Does some one re-peat my name o, ver... And  
 night? And im-ger-one gloom-y shade round them... That



sav-ing "I wish he were here." To feel that the group at the fire-side Were  
 sigh that I tar-ry so long? And is there a chord in the mu-sic That's  
 on-ly my pres-ence can light? And joys less in-vit-ing-ly wel-come, And



think-ing of me as I roam, Oh... yes, 'twould be joy be-yond meas-ure... To  
 miss'd when my voice is a way, And a chord in each heart that a-wak-eth... Re  
 pleas-ures less hale than be-fore, Be-cause one is miss'd from the cir-cle... Be



know that they miss me at home, To know that they miss me at home.  
 gret at my wea-ri-some stay... Re-gret at my wea-ri-some stay?  
 cause I am with them no more... Be-cause I am with them no more?



## FLEE AS A BIRD.

Words by MARY S. B. DANA.

Spanish

*Expression.*

1. Flee as a bird to you moun-tain, Thou who art wea-ry of sin;...  
2. He will pro-ect thee for ev-er, Wipe ev-er y fall-ing tear...

*f agitato.*

Go to the clear-flowing foun-tain, Where you may wash and be clean; Fly, for th'a-ven-ger is  
He will for-sake thee, oh, nev-er, Shel-tered so ten-der ly there! Haste, then, the hours are

*a tempo.*

near... thee, Call, and the Sav-iour will hear... thee, He on His bo-som will  
fly ing, Spend not the mo-ments in sigh-ing, Cease from your sor-row and

*rit.*

hear... thee; Oh, thou who art wea-ry of sin, Oh, thou who art wea-ry of sin.  
cry-ing, The Sav-iour will wipe ev-'ry tear, The Sav-iour will wipe ev-'ry tear.

## THE EVENING BELL.

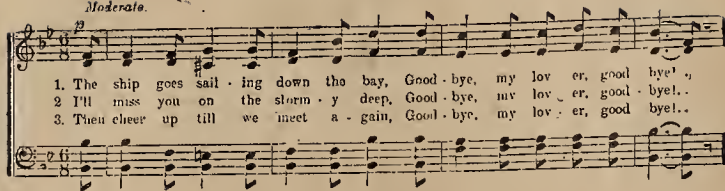
*Soft and slow.*

*pp*

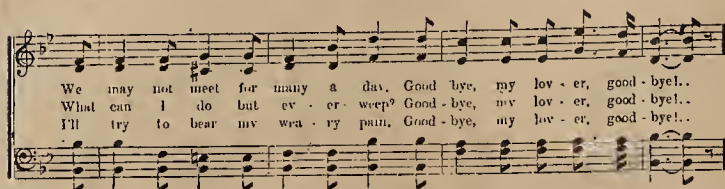
1. Hark! the peal-ing, soft-ly steal-ing, Eve-ning bell, Sweet-ly ech-oed down the dell  
2. Wel-come, wel-come is thy mu-sic, Sil-very bell, Sweet-ly tell-ing day's fare-well.  
3. Day is sleep-ing, flow'rs are weep-ing Tears of dew; Stars are peep-ing, or-er true.  
4. Grove and moun-tain, field and foun-tain, Faint-ly gleam In the red-dy sun-set beam.  
5. Hap-py hour... may thy pow-er Fill my breast, Each wild passion soothe the pain.

# GOOD-BYE, MY LOVER, GOOD-BYE!

*Moderate.*

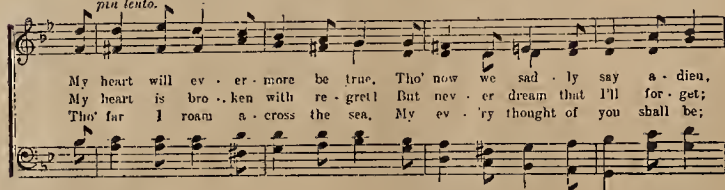


1. The ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!  
 2. I'll miss you on the storm - y deep, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!  
 3. Then cheer up till we meet a - gain, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!



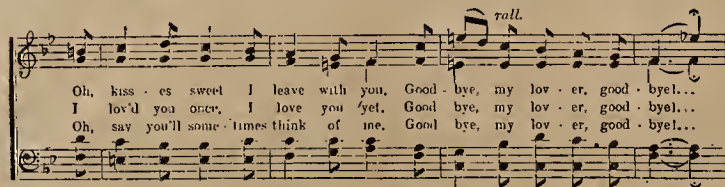
We may not meet for many a day, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!  
 What can I do but ev - er weep? Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!  
 I'll try to bear my wra - ry pain, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!

*piu lento.*



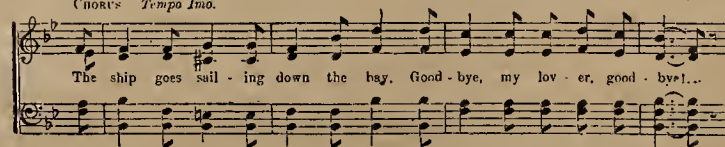
My heart will ev - er more be true, Tho' now we sad - ly say a - dieu,  
 My heart is bro - ken with re - gret! But nev - er dream that I'll for - get;  
 Tho' far I roam a - cross the sea, My ev - 'ry thought of you shall be;

*rall.*

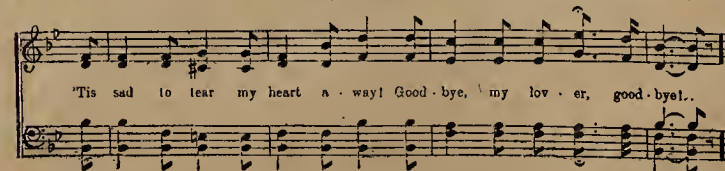


Oh, kiss - es sweet I leave with you, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!  
 I lov'd you once, I love you yet, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!  
 Oh, say you'll some - times think of me, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!

*CHORUS Tempo Mo.*



The ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!



'Tis sad to tear my heart a - way! Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!

# GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O.

BURNS.

*Allegro.*

PIANO. *mf*

1. There's nought but care on ev-'ry han', In ev-'ry hour that pass-es, O! What  
 2. The world - ly race may rich-es chase, An' rich-es still may fly them, O! An'  
 3. Gie me a can - tie hour at e'en, My arms a - bout my dear - ie, O! An'  
 4. And you sae dounce, wha sneer at this, Ye're nought but senseless ass-es, O! Tho

sig - ni - fies the life o' man, An' 'twere na' for the lass-es, O!  
 though at last they catch them fast, Their hearts can ne'er en - joy them, O!  
 world - ly cares and world - ly men May a' gae tap - sal - toe - ric, O!  
 wis - est man the world e'er saw, He dear - ly lo'ed the lass-es, O!

Green grow the rash-es, O! green grow the rash-es, O! The sweet-est hours that

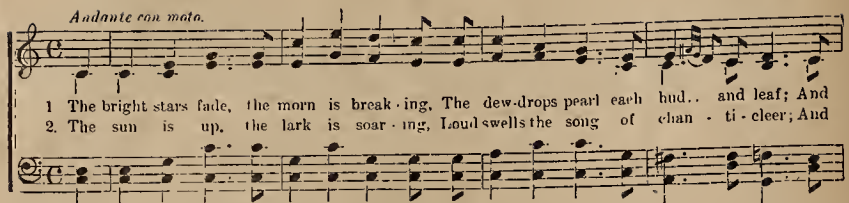
ere I spent Were spent a-mang the lass-es, O!

5 Auld Nature swears the lovely dears  
 Her noblest works she classes, O:  
 Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
 An' then she made the lasses, O.  
 Green grow the rashes, O! etc.

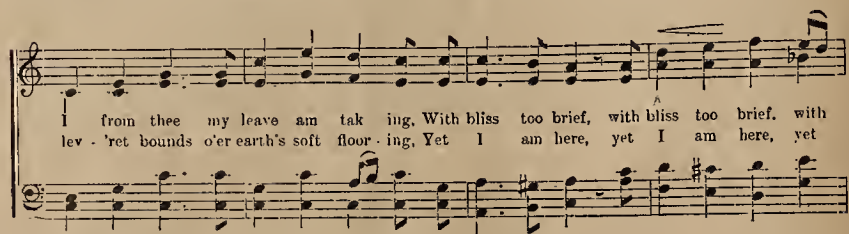
# GOOD-BYE SWEETHEART.

J. L. HATTON.

*Andante con moto.*

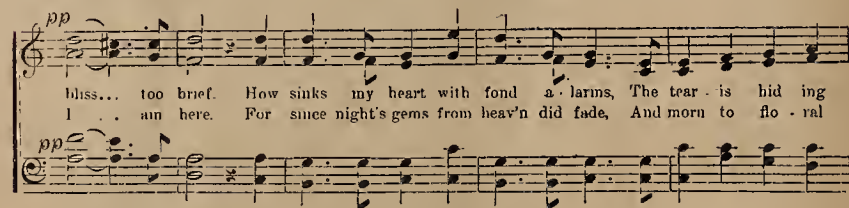


1 The bright stars fade, the morn is break - ing, The dew-drops pearl each bud.. and leaf; And  
2 The sun is up, the lark is soar - ing, Loudswells the song of chan - ti - cleer; And



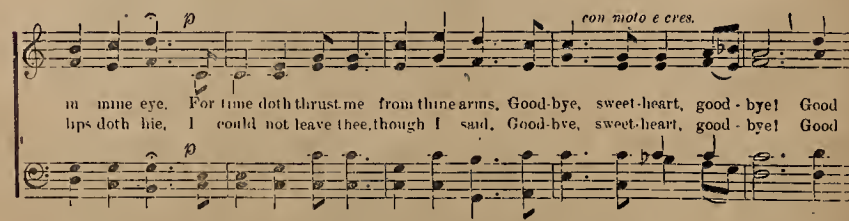
I from thee my leave am tak ing, With bliss too brief, with bliss too brief, with  
lev - 'ret bounds o'er earth's soft floor - ing, Yet I am here, yet I am here, yet

*pp*



bliss... too brief. How sinks my heart with fond a - larins, The tear - is hid ing  
I . . . am here. For since night's gems from heav'n did fade, And morn to flo - ral

*p* *con moto e cres.*



m mine eye, For time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good-bye, sweet-heart, good - bye! Good  
lips doth hie, I could not leave thee, though I said, Good-bye, sweet-heart, good - bye! Good

*f* *cres. molto* *ff* *ritard.*



bye, sweet-heart, good bye! For time doth thrust me from thine arms, Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye.  
bye, sweet-heart, good-bye! I could not leave thee, though I said, Good-bye, sweet-heart, good-bye



# THE HEART BOWED DOWN.

BALFE.

*Moderato.*

1. The heart bowed down by weight of woe. To weak est hopes will.  
2. The mind will in its worst de-spair. Still pon der o'er the...

cling; To thought and im pulse while they flow. That  
past; On mo ments of de light that were Too

can no con fort bring. That can that can no con fort  
beau ti ful... to last. That were too beau ti ful to...

bring. To those ex cit ing scenes will blend. O'er  
last. To long de part ed years ex tend. Its

pleas ure's path way thrown; But mem ry is tho  
vis ions with them flown; For mem ry is the

on ly friend That grief can call its own. That

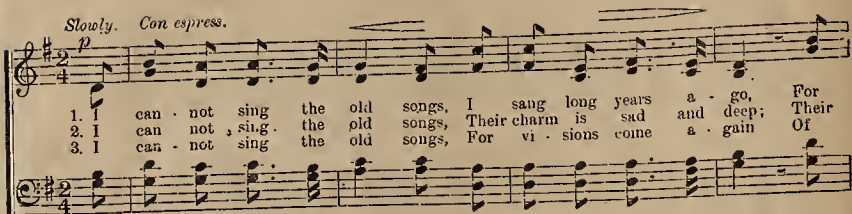
grief can call its own. That grief can call its own.

# I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

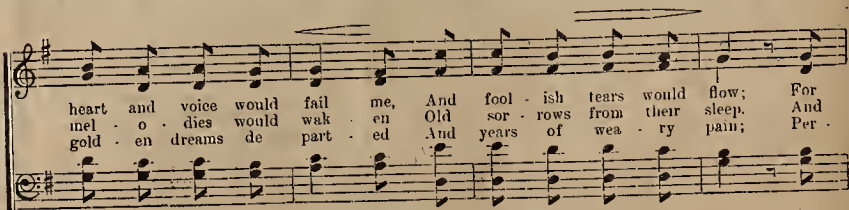
CLARIBEL.

*Slowly. Con espress.*

*p*



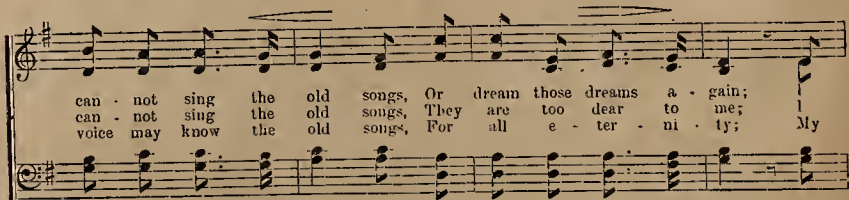
1. I can not sing the old songs, I sang long years a - go, For  
 2. I can not sing the old songs, Their charm is sad and deep; Their  
 3. I can not sing the old songs, For vi - sions come a - gain Of



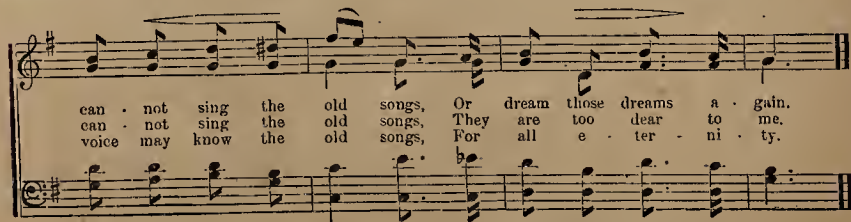
heart and voice would fail me, And fool - ish tears would flow; For  
 mel - o - dies would wak - en, Old sor - rows from their sleep; And  
 gold - en dreams de - part - ed And years of wea - ry pain; Per -



by - gone hours come o'er my heart, With each fa - mil - iar strain... I  
 tho' all un - for - got ten still, And sad - ly sweet they be... I  
 haps when earth - ly fet - ters shall Have set my spir - it free.... My



can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain;  
 can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me; My  
 voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni - ty;



can - not sing the old songs, Or dream those dreams a - gain.  
 can - not sing the old songs, They are too dear to me,  
 voice may know the old songs, For all e - ter - ni - ty.

# In Time of Roses.

*Semplice con affetto, (2da strofa con espress. beatificata)* Louise Reichardt

VOICE

In the time of ros - es, Hope, thou weary heart!  
In the time of ros - es, Wear-y heart, re-joice!

PIANO

*pp*

Spring a balm dis - clos - es For the keen-est smart.  
Ere the sum-mer clos - es Comes the longed-for Voice.

Tho' thy grief ——— o'er - cometh thee Thro' ——— the winter's gloom,  
Let not death ——— ap - pal thee, For, ——— be-yond the tomb,

*espress.* *poco sostenuto*

Thou shalt thrust it from thee, When the ros - es bloom.  
God Him-self shall call thee, When the ros - es bloom.



# I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls.

M. W. BALFE.

1. I dreamt that I dwelt in mar-ble halls, With vas-sals and serfs at my side, .....  
 2. I dreamt that sol-diers sought my hand, That knights, up-on bend-ed knee, .....

..... And of all who as-sem-bled with-in those walls, That I was the hope and the pride, .....  
 ..... And with vows no mal-ice heart could with-stand, They pladg'd their faith to me, .....

..... I had rich-es too great... to count, could boast \Of a high an-ces-tral name, .....  
 ..... And-I dreamt that one of that no-ble host Came forth my hand to claim, .....

.....) But I al-so dreamt, which pleas'd me most, That you lov'd me still the same, That you  
 .....)

lov'd me, you lov'd... me still... the same, That you lov'd me, you lov'd... me still... the same.



# In Cellar Cold.

Old German Song.

*Moderato.*

VOICE.

PIANO.

FINE.

*f*

1. In cel - lar cold I

sit and hold my - self from cares and wor - ries, The rheu - ish wine, so old and fine, in

gob - lets this way hur - ries; 'Tis time to laugh and quaff and chaff, 'tis wis - dom to my

think - ing. To fill my glass and emp - ty it, in drink - ing. drink - ing, drink - ing.

D.C.

2. A woman's love may always prove a source of care and sorrow,  
She may deceive, though you'll believe her word again to-morrow.  
The good Rhine wine is truth itself, at least it's to my thinking.  
Twist love and wine, I always side with drinking, drinking, drinking.
3. There let it pass, I fill my glass, though sorrow's cloud hang o'er me,  
Content with this, I fail to miss the want of love and glory.  
I boldly say, the finest way to keep the heart from sinking,  
Care drive away, it cannot stay, when drinking, drinking, drinking.

# ISE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

C. A. WHITE.

ALLEGRETTO.

ALLEGRETTO. Not too fast.

1. Ise gwine back to Dixie. No more Ise gwine to wander. My heart's turn'd back to  
 2. I've boed in fields of cotton. I've work'd up on the river. I used to think if  
 3. I'm trav'ling back to Dixie. My step is slow and feeble. I pray the Lord to

Dixie. I can't stay here no longer. I miss de ole plan-ta-tion. My  
 I gos off, I'd go back there no never. But time has changed the old man His  
 help me. And lead me from all e-vil. And should my strength for-sake me. Then

ad lib.

home and my re-lax-ation. My heart's turn'd back to Dixie. And I must go.  
 head is bend-ing low.... His heart's turn'd back to Dixie. And he must go.  
 kind friends come and take me. My heart's turn'd back to Dixie. And I must go.

colla voi.

## CHORUS.

PRANO. Ise gwine back to Dixie Ise gwine back to Dixie Ise

ALTO. Ise gwine back to Dixie Ise gwine back to Dixie Ise

TENOR. Ise gwine back to Dixie Ise gwine back to Dixie Ise

BASS. Ise gwine back to Dixie Ise gwine back to Dixie Ise

PIANO.

gwine where the orange blossoms grow..... For I hear the children calling I  
gwine where the orange blossoms grow..... For I hear the children calling I  
gwine where the orange blossoms grow..... For I hear the children calling I  
gwine where the orange blossoms grow..... For I hear the children calling I

This system contains four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The melody is in G major, 2/4 time. The lyrics are repeated on each vocal line.

see their sad tears falling, My heart's turn'd back to Dix-ie, And I must go.  
see their sad tears falling, My heart's turn'd back to Dix-ie, And I must go.  
see their sad tears falling, My heart's turn'd back to Dix-ie, And I must go.  
see their sad tears falling, My heart's turn'd back to Dix-ie, And I must go.

*ad lib.*  
*colla voce.*

This system continues the vocal parts and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are repeated. The system ends with the instruction "colla voce." and a fermata over the final note.

ON THE ROAD TO DIXIE.

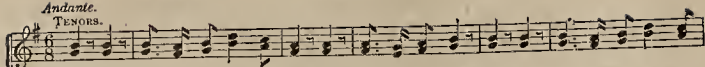
This section consists of three systems of piano accompaniment. The melody is in G major, 2/4 time, featuring a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano part is written for both hands.



# AM I NOT FONDLY THINE OWN?

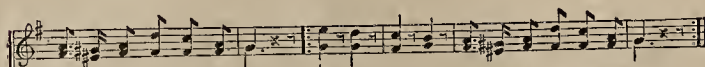
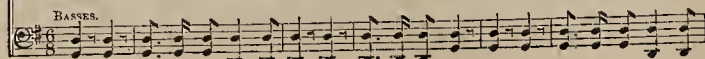
*Andante.*

TENORS.

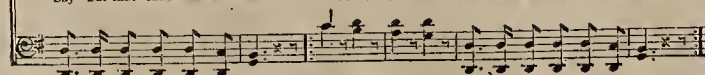


1. Thou, thou reign'st in this bo-som, There, there, hast thou thy throne, Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,
2. Then, then e'en as I love thee, Say, say, wilt thou love me? Tho'ts, tho'ts ten-der and true, love,
3. Speak, speak, love, I im-plore thee, Say, say hope shall be thine; Thou, thou know'st that I love thee,

BASSES.

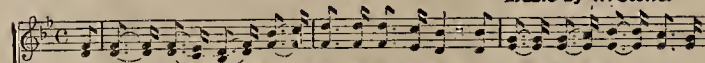


Am I not fond-ly thine own? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Am I not fond-ly thine own?  
Say, wilt thou cher-ish for me? Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say, wilt thou cher-ish for me?  
Say but that thou wilt be mine! Yes, yes, yes, yes, Say but that thou wilt be mine!

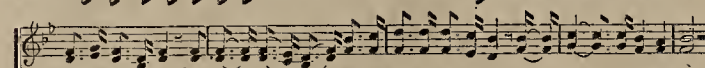
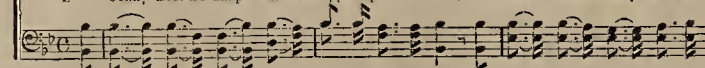


## JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

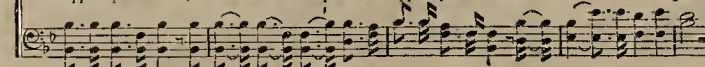
Music by W. Steffe.



1. John Brown's bo-dy lies a-mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo-dy lies a-
2. The stars of heav-en are look-ing kind-ly down, The stars of heav-en are
3. He's gone to be a sol-dier in the arm-y of the Lord, He's gone to be a sol-dier in the
1. John Brown's knap-sack is strapped upon his back, John Brown's knap-sack is



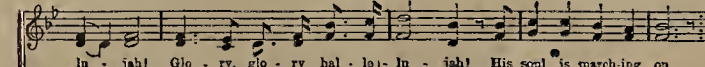
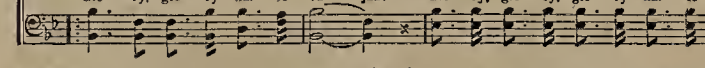
mould'ring in the grave, John Brown's bo-dy lies a-mould'ring in the grave, His soul goes marching on!  
look-ing kind-ly down, The stars of heav-en are looking kindly down, On the grave of old John Brown  
arm-y of the Lord, He's gone to be a sol-dier in the arm-y of the Lord! His soul is marching on!  
strapped upon his back, John Brown's knap-sack is strapped upon his back! His soul is marching on!



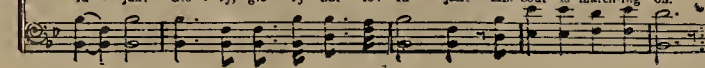
CHORUS.



Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-



lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! His soul is marching on.

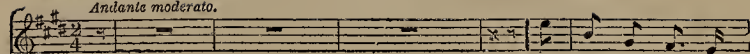




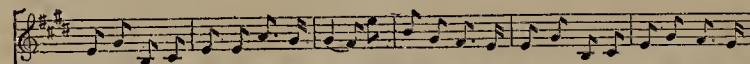
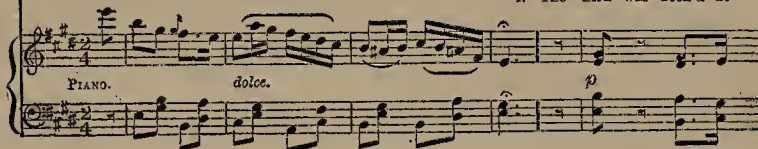
# JOCK O' HAZELDEAN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

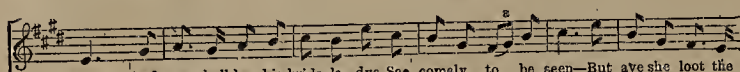
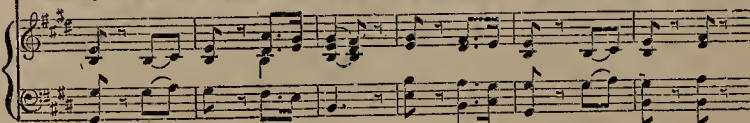
*Andante moderato.*



1. Why weep ye by the
2. Now let this wil - fu'
3. A chain o' gold ye
4. The kirk was deck'd at



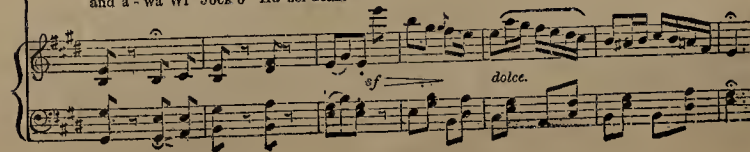
tide, ladye? Why weep ye by the tide? I'll wed ye to my youngest son, And ye shall be his  
grief be done, And dry that cheek so pale, Young Frank is chief of Er-ring-ton, And lord of Lang-ley-  
shall not lack, Nor braid to bind your hair, Nor mettled bound, nor managed hawk, Nor palfrey fresh and  
morning tide, The taper glimmer'd fair, The priest and bridegroom wait the bride, And dame and knight are



bride. And ye shall be his bride, la - dye, Sae comely to be seen—But aye she loot the  
dale. His step is first in peace-ful ha', His sword in bat-tle keen—But aye she loot the  
fair; And you, the foremost o' them a', Shall ride our for-est queen—But aye she loot the  
there. They sought her baith by bower and ha', The la - dy was not seen; She's o'er the bor - der,

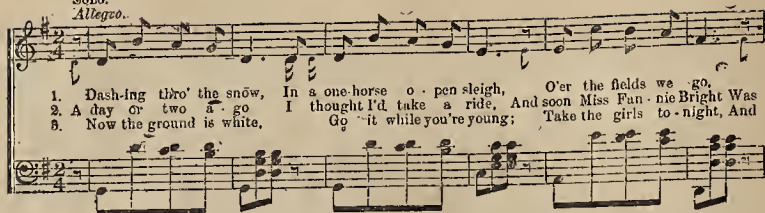


tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha-zel-dean.  
tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha-zel-dean.  
tears down fa', For Jock o' Ha-zel-dean.  
and a - wa' Wi' Jock o' Ha-zel-dean.



# JINGLE BELLS.

Solo.  
*Allegro.*

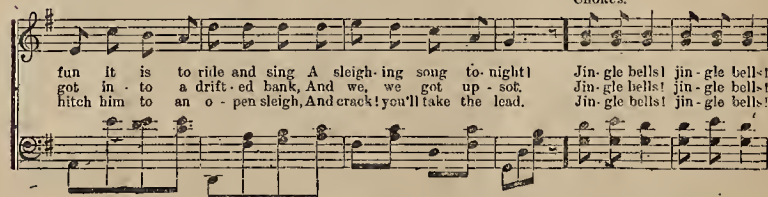


1. Dash-ing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh, O'er the fields we go,  
2. A day or two a - go, I thought I'd take a ride, And soon Miss Fan - nie Bright Was  
3. Now the ground is white, Go - it while you're young; Take the girls to - night, And

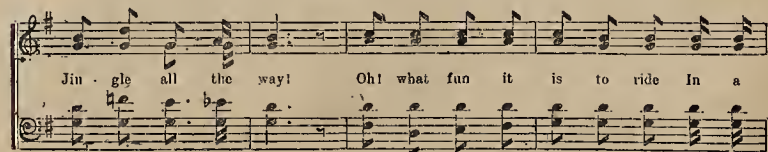


Laughing all the way; Bells on bob - tail ring, Mak - ing spir - its bright; What  
seat - ed by my side; The horse was lean and lank, Mis - for - tune seem'd his lot; He  
sing this sleighing song; Just got a bob - tail'd bay, Two - for - ty for his speed; Then


Chorus.



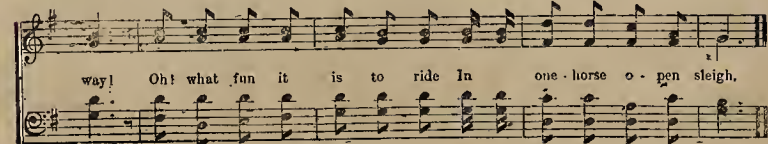
fun It is to ride and sing A sleigh - ing song to - night! Jin - gle bells! jin - gle bells!  
got in to a drift - ed bank, And we, we got up - set. Jin - gle bells! jin - gle bells!  
hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead. Jin - gle bells! jin - gle bells!



Jin - gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a



one - horse o - pen sleigh! Jin - gle bells! jin - gle bells! Jin - gle all the

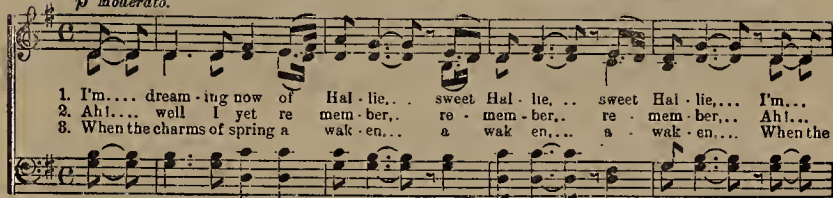


way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In one - horse o - pen sleigh,

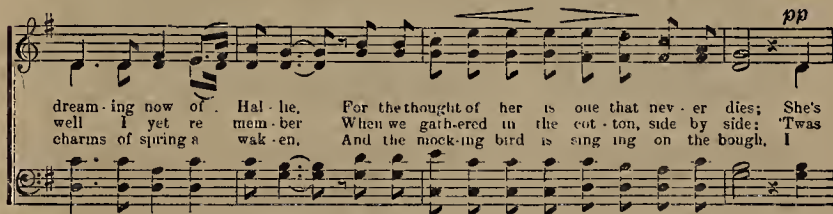
# LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

ALICE HAWTHORNE (SEPTIMUS WINNER).

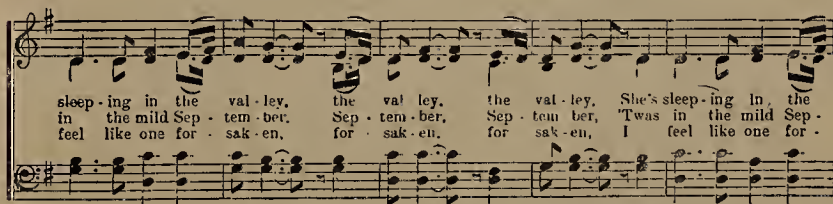
*p Moderato.*



1. I'm... dream-ing now of Hal-lie... sweet Hal-lie... sweet Hal-lie... I'm...  
 2. Ah!... well I yet re mem-ber... re-mem-ber... re-mem-ber... Ah!...  
 3. When the charms of spring a wak-en... a wak-en... a wak-en... When the

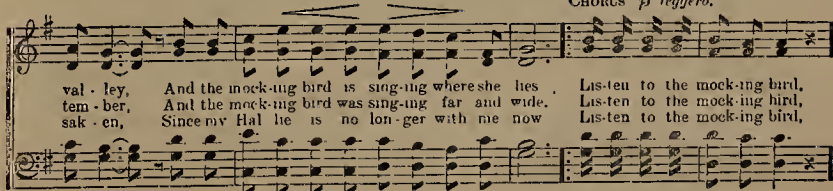


dream-ing now of Hal-lie, For the thought of her is one that nev-er dies; She's  
 well I yet re mem-ber, When we gath-ered in the cot-ton, side by side: 'Twas  
 charms of spring a wak-en, And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing on the bough, I

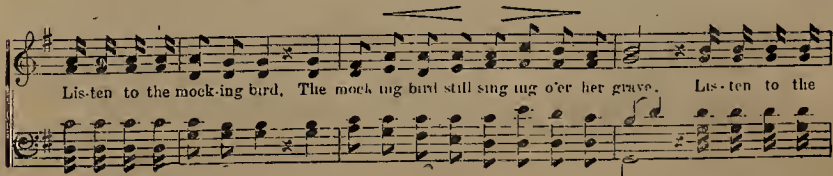


sleep-ing in the val-ley, the val-ley, the val-ley, She's sleep-ing in, the  
 in the mild Sep-tem-ber, Sep-tem-ber, Sep-tem-ber, 'Twas in the mild Sep-  
 feel like one for-sak-en, for-sak-en, for-sak-en, I feel like one for-

CHORUS *p leggiero.*



val-ley, And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing where she lies, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird,  
 tem-ber, And the mock-ing bird was sing-ing far and wide, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird,  
 sak-en, Since my Hal-lie is no lon-ger with me now, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird,



Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, The mock-ing bird still sing-ing o'er her grave, Lis-ten to the



# LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD. 2

mock-ing bird, Lis-ten to the mock-ing bird, Still sing-ing where the weep-ing wil-lows wave.

## THE "GLORY" SONG.

1. When all my labours and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that  
2. When by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace I am ac-cord-ed in  
3. Friends will be there I have lov'd long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-

beau-ti-ful shore Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,  
hea-ven a place Just to be there and to look on his face,  
round me will flow Yet just a smile from my Saviour I know,

Oh, that will be.....  
Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me..... Oh,..... that will  
Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me..... Oh,..... that will  
Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me..... Oh, that will be.....

glo-ry for me..... glo-ry for me..... glo-ry for me..... When by His  
be..... glo-ry for me..... glo-ry for me..... glo-ry for me.....  
glo-ry for me..... glo-ry for me..... glo-ry for me..... When by His

grace  
When I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me!  
grace



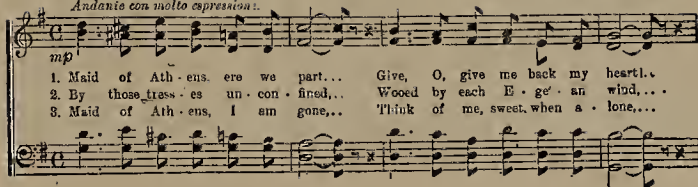
# MAID OF ATHENS.

Words by LORD BYRON.

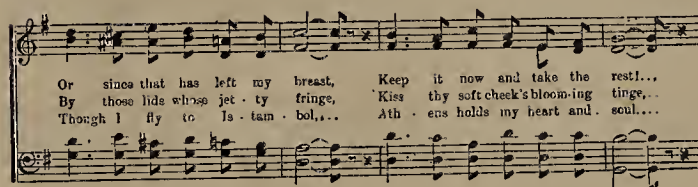
Music by H. R. ALLEN.

*Andante con molto espressione.*

*mp*



1. Maid of Ath-ens, ere we part... Give, O, give me back my heartl..  
 2. By those grass-es un-con-fined... Wooed by each E-ge-an wind...  
 3. Maid of Ath-ens, I am gone... Think of me, sweet, when a-lone...



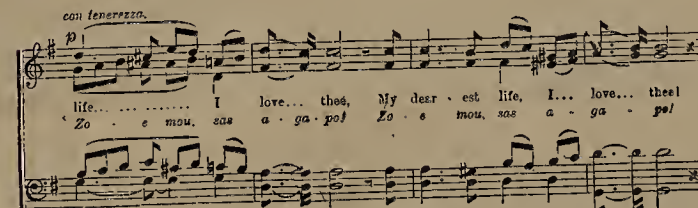
Or since that has left my breast, Keep it now and take the restl..  
 By those lids whose jet-ty fringe, Kiss thy soft cheek's bloom-ing tinge..  
 Though I fly to Is-tam-bol,... Ath-ens holds my heart and soul...

*mf piu lento.* *pp*



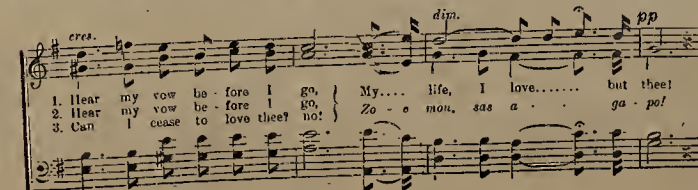
Hear my vow be-fore I go, Hear my vow be-fore I go. My  
 By those wild eyes like the rose, Hear my vow be-fore I go.....  
 Can I cease to love thee? no! Can I cease to love thee? no!.....

*con tenerezza.* *p*



life... I love... thee, My dear-est life, I... love... thee!  
 Zo-e-mou, sas a-ga-pol! Zo-e-mou, sas a-ga-pol!

*cres.* *din.* *pp*



1. Hear my vow be-fore I go, } My... life, I love..... but thee!  
 2. Hear my vow be-fore I go, } Zo-e-mou, sas a-ga-pol!  
 3. Can I cease to love thee? no! }

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT!

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

**Moderato.**

PIANO.

1. The sun shines bright in the  
2. They hunt no more for the  
3. The head must bow and the

old Hen-tuck-y home, 'Tis summer, the dar-ries are gay, The corn-top's ripe and the  
pos-sum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill and the shore, They sing no more by the  
back will have to bend, Where-ev-er the dar-key may go, A few more days and the

men-dow's in the bloom,	While the birds make	mus-ic	all	the	day.	The
glim-mer of the moon,	On the bench by the	old	ca - bin	door.		The
trou - ble all will end	In the field where the	su-gar	cane	grow.		A

young folks roll on the lit-tle ca-bin floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright: By'n  
 day goes by like a sha-dow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light: The  
 few more days for to tote the wear-y load, No mat-ter, 'twill nev-er be light, A

by Hard Times comes a knocking at the door; Then my old Kentucky Home, good night.  
 time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Kentucky Home, good night.  
 few more days till we tot-ter on the road, Then my old Kentucky Home, good night.

**Chorus.**  
 SOPR. *mp*  
 AUTO. Weep no more, my la-dy, oh! weep no more to-day! We will  
 TEN. *mp*  
 BASS.

*mf*  
 sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y Home, for the old Ken-tuck-y Home, far a-way.



# THE MARSEILLAISE.

Music by Rouget de Lisle.

*mf Allegro marziale.*

1. Ye sons of Free-dom, waketo, glo - ry! Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise! Your chil-dren,  
 1. Al-lons, enfans de la pa-tri - e! Le jour de gloire est ar - ri - vé! Con - tre

wives, and grand - sires hoar-y, Be-hold their tears, and hear their cries! Be-hold their  
 nous de la ty-ran-ni - e Lié - ten - dard san - glant est le - vé! Lié - ten - dard

*mp*

tears, and hear their cries! Shall hate - ful ty - rants, mis - chief breed - ing, With hire - ling  
 san - glant est le - vé! En - ten - dez - vous, dans les cam - pa - gnes, Mu - gir ces

*cres.*

hosts a ruf - fian band, Af - fright and des - o - late the land, When peace and lib - er - ty lie  
 fé - ro - ces sol - dats? Ils vien - nent jus - que dans nos bras É - gor - ger nos fils, nos cam -

*f*

bleed - ing? To arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a - veng - ing sword un - sheath! March  
 pa - gnes! Aux ar - mes, ci - to - yens! For - mez vos ba - tail - lons! Mar -

*ff*

*pp*



# THE MARSEILLAISE.

on, march on, All hearts re - solv'd On lib - er - ty or death!  
chons, mar - chons! Qu'un sang im - pur A - breu - ve nos sil - lons!

on, march on, all hearts  
chons, mar - chons! Qu'un sang

2 With luxury and pride surrounded,  
The vile insatiate despots dare,  
Their thirst for gold and power unbounded,  
To mete and vend the light and air!  
To mete and vend the light and air!  
Like beasts of burden would they load us,  
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;  
But man is man, and who is more?  
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?  
To arms, to arms, ye brave!  
Th'avenging sword unsheathe!  
March on, march on, all hearts resolved  
On liberty or death!

3 O Liberty! can man resign thee?  
Once having felt thy generous flame,  
Can dungeon bolts and bars confine thee,  
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?  
Too long the world has wept, bewailing  
The blood-stained sword our conq'rors wield;  
But freedom is our sword and shield,  
And all their arts are unavailing!  
To arms, to arms, ye brave!  
Th'avenging sword unsheathe!  
March on, march on, all hearts resolved  
On liberty or death!

2 Tremblez, tyrants! et vous, perfides,  
L'opprobre de tous les partis,  
Tremblez! vos projets parricides  
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix!  
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix!  
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre.  
S'ils tombent, nos jeunes héros,  
La France en produit, de nouveaux,  
Contre vous tout prêts à se battre!  
Aux armes, citoyens!  
Formez vos bataillons!  
Marchons, marchons! qu'un sang impi  
Abreuve nos sillons!

3 Nous entrerons dans la carrière  
Quand nos aînés n'y seront plus;  
Nous y trouverons leur poussière  
Et la trace de leurs vertus,  
Et la trace de leurs vertus,  
Bien moins jaloux de leur survie  
Que de partager leur cercueil,  
Nous aurons le sublime orgueil  
De les venger ou de les suivre!  
Aux armes, citoyens!  
Formez vos bataillons!  
Marchons, marchons! qu'un sang impi  
Abreuve nos sillons!

# RUSSIAN HYMN.

God save the no-ble Czar, Long may he live in power, In hap - pi - ness, in peace to reign.  
Bo - she zar ia chrani, Ssill nyl der-shaw nui, Zarst wui na Sla wyl, na Sla wu nam.

Dread of bis en - e - mies, Faith's sure de - fend - er, God save the Czar, God save the Czar.  
Zarst wui na stach wra-gam Zar pra - wa sslaw nyl, Bo - she zar ia chra - ni.

# My old friend John.

Key D. EDWARD LAND.

Voice.

*Moderato.*

f

PIANO.

1. 'Tis for-ty years, my  
2. There's glad-ness in re-  
3. I need not then re-

old friend John, Since you and I were young; Bird - nest - ing through each  
mem-brance, John, Our friend-ship has been true; In all the weal and  
mind thee, John, Of days long past and o'er; The flow'r, the nest, the

fo - rest glen, What mer-ry, mer-ry lays! we've sung; We climb'd the rug-ged ones,  
woe of life, No change that friend-ship knew; We've miss'd some lov'd ones,  
hum-ming-bee, For us will charm no more; And our frail forms are

*stacc. cres.*

moun-tain side, And cull'd the bright topp'd heath-er..... Me  
one by one, fast, We could not bound the heath-er..... And  
fad-ing fast, We could not bound the heath-er..... As

- thinks it seems but yes - ter - day, Since we were boys to - geth - er.  
 now there's but sweet mem - try left, Since we were boys to - geth - er.  
 hand in hand with glad some hearts, We did when boys to - geth - er.

Since we were boys, mer - ry, mer - ry boys, Since we were boys to - geth - er..... Me -  
 Since we were boys, mer - ry, mer - ry boys, Since we were boys to - geth - er..... Un -  
 When we were boys, mer - ry, mer - ry boys, When we were boys to - geth - er..... Yet

- thinks it seems but yes - ter - day, Since we were boys to - geth - er. Repeat in  
 - al - ter'd is our friend - ship, John, Since we were boys to - geth - er. Chorus.  
 ma - ny a tran - quil year, friend John, May find us still to - geth - er.

[Last verse only.]

*cres.* *ff* *stacc.*



# MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND.

*Moderato.*

1. Thou wilt not cower in the dust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 2. Thou wilt not yield the Van - dal toil, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 3. I see no blush up - on thy cheek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 4. I hear the dis - tant thun - der hum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

*cres.*

Thy beam - ing sword shall nev - er - rust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 Thou wilt not crook to his con - trol, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 Tho' thou wast ev - er brave - ly meek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 The Old Line bu - gle, life and drum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

*p*

Re - mem - ber Car - roll's sa - cred trust, Re - mem - ber How - ward's war - like thrust,  
 Bet - ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet - ter the shot, the blade, the bowl,  
 For life and death, for woe and weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal,  
 Come! to thine own he - ro - ic throng, That stalks with Lib - er - ty a - long,

And all thy sham - b'ers with the just, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 Than cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 And gird thy beau - teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!  
 And ring thy daunt - less slo - gan song, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!



# Only a Rosebud that She Wore in Her Hair

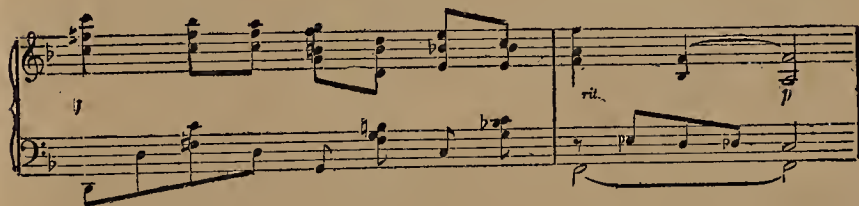
Words by

ARTHUR J. LAMB.

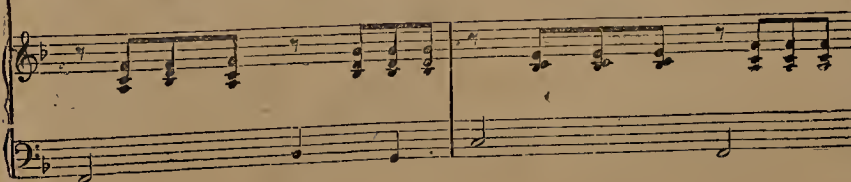
Music by

ANITA OWEN.

*Andante*



- |   |           |    |            |              |      |            |       |     |       |
|---|-----------|----|------------|--------------|------|------------|-------|-----|-------|
| 1 | On - - ly | a  | rose - bud | Cher - ished | with | re - gret, |       |     |       |
| 2 | Here      | in | the        | gar - den    | By   | the        | lit   | tle | gate, |
| 3 | Of        | en | I          | fan - cy     | At   | the        | close | of  | day,  |



*Wm. J. Lamb*

Giv en to me by one I can't for - get;  
 Oft for my com - ing Did she watch and wait;  
 That she is wait - ing At the gar - den way;

I begged it of her, For I loved her so,  
 While stars above tran - quil In the heav - ens blue,  
 Still in my mem - 'ry, Her sweet face I see,

When we were hap - py In the long a - - go.  
 We told our vows and Prom - ised to be true.  
 Smil - ing, as when she gave This, rose to me.

Only a Remind that She Wore in Her Hair. B.

REFRAIN. *With feeling.*

On - ly a rose bud, that she wore in her hair,

On - ly a rose - bud, noth - ing more;

Poor fad - ed, (flow - er, that she left) in (my) care,

*rall.* On - ly a rose worn in her hair...

Only a Rosebud that She Wore in Her Hair...

# Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

J. P. KNIGHT.

*Slow and with expression*

VOICE. *Rock'd in the cra-dle of the*

PIANO. *mf* *pp* *FINE.*

deep..... I lay me down..... in peace to sleep; Se-cure I rest up-on the wave..... For Thou, O

Lord... hast pow-er to save. I know Thou wilt not slight my call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's

fall, And calm and peace-ful shall I sleep..... Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep. And

calm and peace-ful shall I sleep..... Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.



And such the trust that still were mine ..... Tho' stormy

*tr*

*pp*

winds..... sweep o'er the brins, Or tho' the tem-pest's fie-ry breath ..... Rous'd me from slum-ber to wreck, and

*tr*

death! In o cean cave still safe with thee, The germ of im-mor-tal-i-ty! *tr* And

*p*

calm and peace-ful shall I sleep..... Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep. *tr* And

calm and peace-ful shall I sleep..... Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep. *ad lib.* *tr* *D.C. & al Fine.*

# SWEET AND LOW.

Alfred Tennyson.

J. Barnby.

*Larghetto.*

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; . Low, low,  
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon;. Rest, rest on

TENOR AND BASS.

O - ver the roll - ing  
Fa - ther will come to his  
breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; . O - - ver the  
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; . Fa - - ther will  
O - ver the roll - ing  
Fa - ther will come to his  
O - ver the roll - ing  
Fa - ther will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,  
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails all out of the west,  
wa - ters go, Come . . from the moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to  
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver  
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon . . and blow,  
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,  
wa - ters go, Como . . from the moon and blow,  
babe in the nest, Sil - - ver sails out of the west,

me, While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. . . . .  
moon: Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. . . . .

## THE SPANISH CAVALIER.

*Moderato, dolce.*

1. A Span-ish cav - a-lie stood in his re-treat, And on his gui-tar play'd a tune, dear; But  
 2. I am off to the war, to the war I must go, To fight for my coun-try and you, dear; But  
 3. And when the war is o'er, to you I'll re-turn, Back to my coun-try and you, dear; But

mu - sic so sweet, they'd oft-times re - peat, The bless-ing of my coun - try and you, dear.  
 if I should fall, in vain I would call, The bless-ing of my coun - try and you, dear  
 I be-slain, you may seek me in vain, Up - on the bat-tle - field you will find me.

*f* CHORUS.

Say, dar - ling, say, when I'm far a - way, Some-times you may think of me, dear,  
 Bright sun - ny days will soon fade a - way, Re-mem - ber what I say, and be true, dear.



# SWEET GENEVIEVE.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words by GEORGE COOPER.

Music by HENRY TUCKER.

ANDANTE  
MODERATO.

1. O Gen - evieve I'd give the world To live a - gain the love - ly past! The  
2. Fair Gen - evieve my ear - ly love, The years but make thee dear - er far! My

rose of youth was dew - impearl'd; But now it withers in the blast. I  
heart shall nev - er, nev - er rove: Thou art my on - ly gui - ding star. For

see thy face in ev' - ry dream, My waking thoughts are full of thee; Thy  
me the past has no re - gret What - e'er the years may bring to me; I

glance is in the star - ry beam That falls a - long the sun - mer sea  
bless the hour when first we met, The hour that gave me love and thee:

*culla voce.*

CHORUS.

AIR.

O, Gen - evieve, sweet Gen - evieve, The days may come, the days may go, But

ALTO.

O, Gen - evieve, sweet Gen - evieve, The days may come, the days may go, But

TENOR.

O, Gen - evieve, sweet Gen - evieve, The days may come, the days may go, But

BASS.

O, Gen - evieve, sweet Gen - evieve, The days may come, the days may go, But

PIANO.

Coda ad lib:

still the hands of mem'ry weave The blissful dreams of long a - go. O, Gen - evieve.

still the hands of mem'ry weave The blissful dreams of long a - go. O, Gen - evieve.

still the hands of mem'ry weave The blissful dreams of long a - go. O, Gen - evieve.

still the hands of mem'ry weave The blissful dreams of long a - go. O, Gen - evieve.

*culla voce.*

# Tom Bowling.

DIEDIN.

VOICE

PIANO. *mf* *p*

1. Here, a sheer bulk, lies  
2. Tom, never from his  
3. Yet shall poor Tom find

poor Tom Bow-ling, The dar-ling of our crew, No more he'll hear the tem-pest howling, For  
word de-part-ed, His vir-tues were so rare, His friends were ma-ny and true-heart-ed, His  
plea sant weath-er, When He, who all com-mands, Shall give, to call life's crew to-gether, Tho

Death has broach'd him to; His form was of the man-liest beau-ty, His heart was kind and  
Full was kind and fair; And then he'd sing so blithe-ly, Ah! many's the time, and  
word to pipe all hands; Thus Death, who kings and tars dis-patch-es, In vain Tom's life has

soft, Faith-ful be-low he did his du-ty, And now he's gone a-loft, And  
oft, But mirth is turn'd to mel-an-cho-ly, For Tom has gone a-loft, For  
doff'd, For tho' his bo-dy's un-der hatch-es, His soul is gone a-loft, His

now he's gone a-loft.  
Tom has gone a-loft.  
soul is gone a-loft.

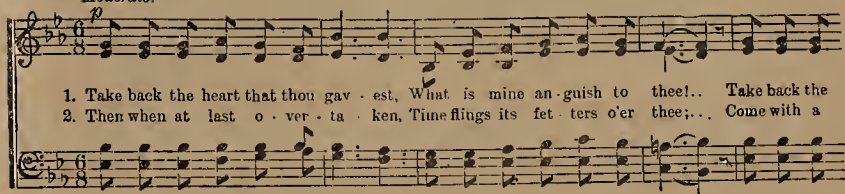
*mf* *D.C.*



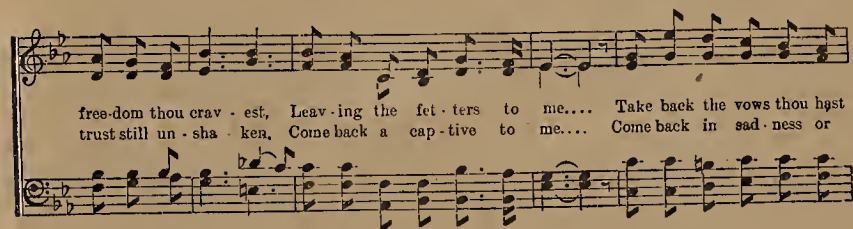
# TAKE BACK THE HEART

*Moderato.*

*p*

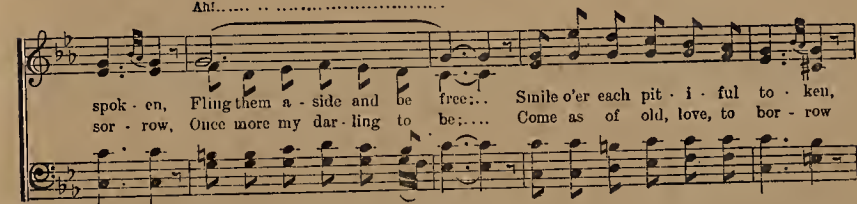


1. Take back the heart that thou gav - est, What is mine an - guish to thee!.. Take back the  
2. Then when at last o - ver - ta - ken, Time flings its fet - ters o'er thee;... Come with a



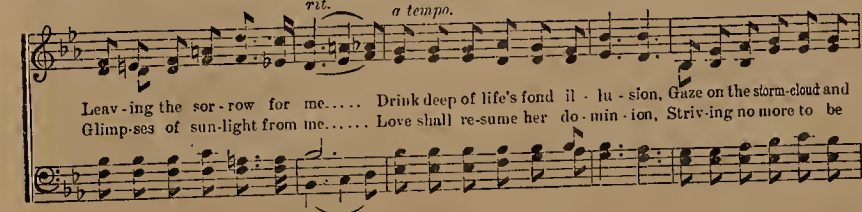
free-dom thou crav - est, Leav - ing the fet - ters to me.... Take back the vows thou hast  
trust still un - sha - ken, Come back a cap - tive to me.... Come back in sad - ness or

*Ahi.....*



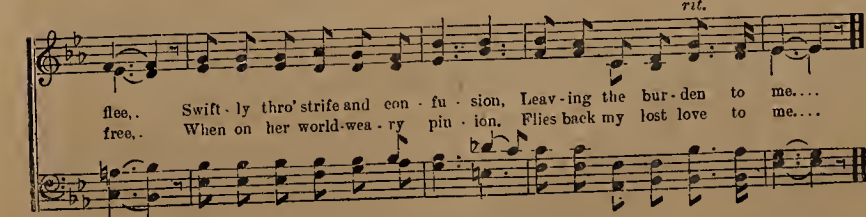
spok - en, Fling them a - side and be free!.. Smile o'er each pit - i - ful to - ken,  
sor - row, Once more my dar - ling to be;.... Come as of old, love, to bor - row

*rit. a tempo.*



Leav - ing the sor - row for me.... Drink deep of life's fond il - lu - sion, Gaze on the storm-cloud and  
Glimp - ses of sun - light from me.... Love shall re - sume her do - min - ion, Striv - ing no more to be

*rit.*



flee.. Swift - ly thro' strife and con - fu - sion, Leav - ing the bur - den to me....  
free.. When on her world - wea - ry pi - u - ion, Flies back my lost love to me....



# Weel may the Keel row.

1. Oh, who is like my John - nie, Sae leish, sae blythe, sae bon - nie? He's fore - most 'mang' the

mo - ny Keel lads o' coal - y Tyne. He'll set or row sae tight - ly, Or

*with the voice.*

the dance sae spright - ly, He'll cut and shuf - fle sight - ly, 'Tis true, were he not mine.

2.  
He has nae mair o' learning  
Than tells his weekly earning;  
Yet right frae wrang discerning,  
Tho' brave, nae bruiser he;  
Tho' he no worth a plack is,  
His ain coat on his back is,  
And nane can say that black is  
The white o' Johnnie's e'e.

Weel may, &c.

3.  
He wears a blue bonnet,  
Blue bonnet, blue bonnet,  
He wears a blue bonnet,  
A dimple's in his chin;  
And weel may the keel row,  
The keel row, the keel row,  
And weel may the keel row  
That my lad's in.

Weel may, &c.

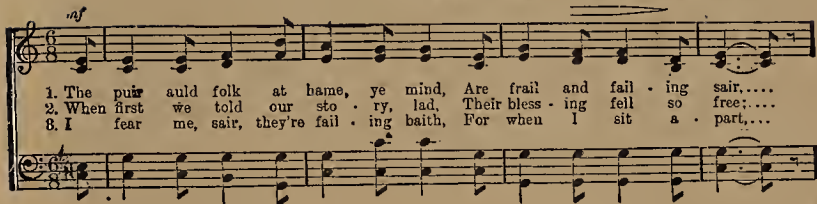
Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row, Weel may the keel row That my lad's in.

*rall.* *in time.* *D.C. 8*

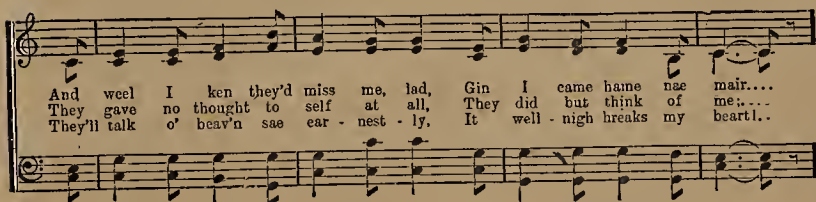
# WE'D BETTER BIDE A WEE.

Words and music by Mrs. Chas. Barnard

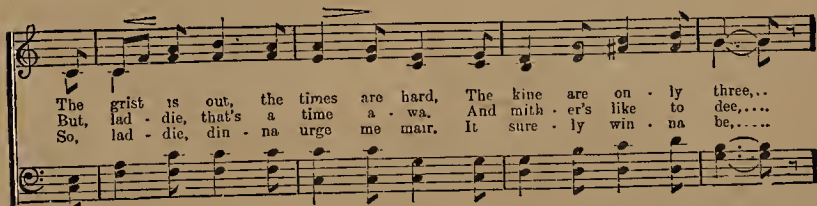
*mf*



1. The puir auld folk at hame, ye mind, Are frail and fail - ing sair....  
 2. When first we told our sto - ry, lad, Their bless - ing fell so free;....  
 8. I fear me, sair, they're fail - ing baith, For when I sit a - part,....

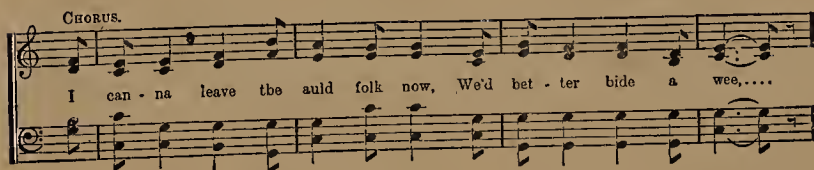


And weel I ken they'd miss me, lad, Gin I came hame nae mair....  
 They gave no thought to self at all, They did but think of me....  
 They'll talk o' beav'n sae ear - nest - ly, It well - nigh breaks my heart!..

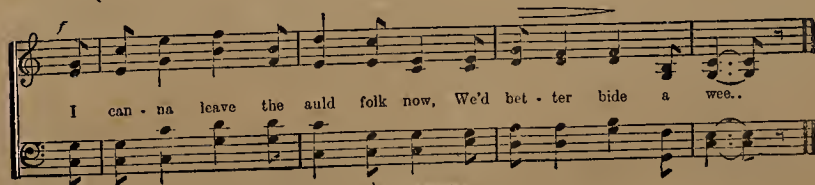


The grist is out, the times are hard, The kine are on - ly three,..  
 But, lad - die, that's a - wa, And mith - er's like to dee,....  
 So, lad - die, din - na urge me mair, It sure - ly win - na be,....

CHORUS.



I can - na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet - ter bide a wee,....



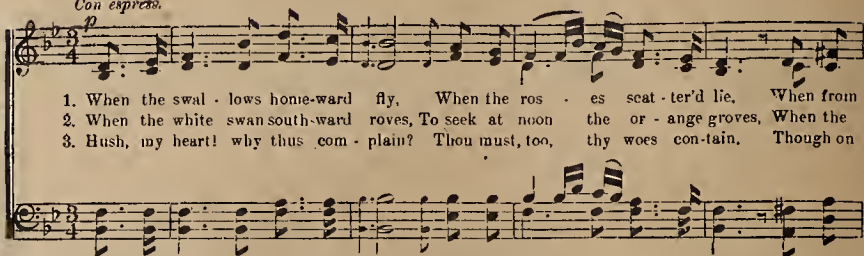
I can - na leave the auld folk now, We'd bet - ter bide a wee..

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# WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

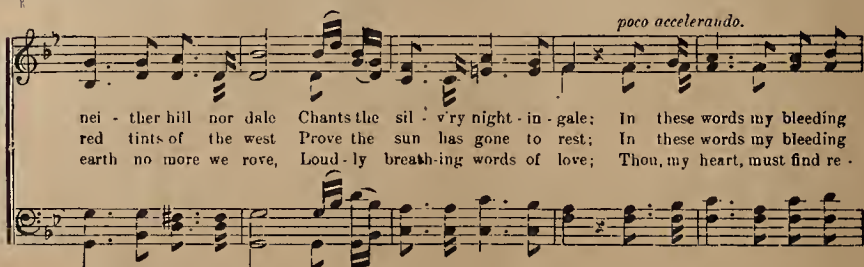
FRANZ ABT.

*Con espreso.*



1. When the swal - lows home-ward fly, When the ros - es scat - ter'd lie, When from  
2. When the white swan south-ward roves, To seek at noon the or - ange groves, When the  
3. Hush, my heart! why thus com - plain? Thou must, too, thy woes con - tain, Though on


*poco accelerando.*



nei - ther hill nor dale Chants the sil - vry night - in - gale; In these words my bleeding  
red tints of the west Prove the sun has gone to rest; In these words my bleeding  
earth no more we rove, Loud - ly break - ing words of love; Thou, my heart, must find re -

*meno*

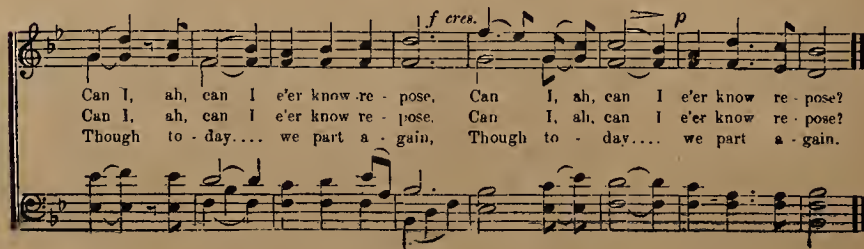
*p dolce.*



heart Would to thee its grief in - part: When I..... thus thy im - age lose, ...  
heart Would to thee its grief in - part: When I..... thus thy im - age lose, ...  
lief, Yield - ing to these words be - lief; I shall see thy form a gain, ...

*f cres.*

*p*



Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?  
Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose, Can I, ah, can I e'er know re - pose?  
Though to - day... we part a - gain, Though to - day... we part a - gain.

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